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ARE YOU GOING AWAY?

Subscribers who leave the city
temporarily should not fail to
have THE WASHINGTON
HERALD follow them. Ad-
dressers will be changed as often
as requested. You cannot keep
fully informed about affairs in
Washington unless your paper
comes to you daily. Before
leaving, mail or telephone your
address to this office.

What's the Use Worrying?

The banking house of Hambleton & Co.,
Baltimore, in its current financial cir-
cular (June 13), takes a decidedly pes-
simistic view of political conditions. It
sees no sense in holding conventions or
having a national campaign, and sug-
gests the following unique alternative:

"It seems to us that the people of the United
States are giving themselves a great deal of un-
necessary trouble, and expense in holding con-
ventions to nominate Presidential candidates for
the Republican and Democratic parties. In the last
analysis it resolves itself to the selection of the
next President and Vice President of the United
States by President Roosevelt. It would be a
great deal of trouble, and possibly some commercial
and financial disturbance, if President Roosevelt
would simply announce that Mr. Taft would be
the next President of the United States and pos-
sibly Mr. Cordon the next Vice President. As
for the Democratic party holding a convention and
nominating a candidate, it is simply an absurdity.
The fact of the matter is that there is no Demo-
cratic party any more, and that Mr. Bryan simply
nominates himself and Mr. Roosevelt nominates
Mr. Taft. So there you are. Mr. Taft will be the
next President of the United States and it is
hardly worth while for any one to give himself
any trouble or concern about the matter."

This plan would be a trouble-saver,
surely. But, even if it were feasible—
and we do not think it is—it would not
commend itself to our judgment. We do
not believe in putting everything under
the sun up to Roosevelt. He has done
his share already for the country and
mankind. Why shift further burdens
upon his broad and willing shoulders?

Having nominated Taft, or as good as
nominated him, has he not done all and
more than he could in reason be called
upon to do in this crisis? Messrs. Ham-
bleton & Co. to the contrary notwith-
standing, we insist that the American
people should not only be permitted but
required to do their part. It is only fair
to him and fair to them. In no other
way can the work so successfully inaugu-
rated be satisfactorily completed.

What assurance have we that the
Democratic party would take Roosevelt
at his word, if he should announce that
Taft would be the next President? It is
a perverse, obstinate, long-lived and
condition knows but that the very unusual
conduct that old Democratic party, and
which prompts this pessimistic Baltimore sug-
gestion, may serve to bring the donkey
into ascendancy once more? We don't.

The conventions mean trouble,
of course; the campaign means more trou-
ble, and it is going to mess up business
and finance a bit. But we've got to stand
it, and we shall be all the better for it
when it is over, whatever happens.

Whether, as Mr. Wu says, a good man
obeys his wife or not, a smart one does.

Honor the Brave.

An echo of the Japanese-Russian war
that throws much favorable light on the
Japanese character is the fact that they
have just dedicated a monument to the
Russian braves who died in the defense
of Port Arthur. The monument stands
on the site of Fort Antschan—a fort
that is no more—around which, at the
time of the surrender of Port Arthur,
over 14,000 Russian soldiers had their
graves.

Antschan was one of the forts that
the Japanese did not take. It and the
Itz-ban fort flanked and were supposed
to protect the famous 203 Metre Hill,
the taking of which by the Japanese marked
the beginning of the end—the fall of
Port Arthur. Three times was 203 Metre
Hill assaulted by the Japanese, and it
was here the most desperate fighting took
place. No estimate of the number of
Japanese who fell in the assault has
been made, but the slaughter must have
been terrific. The attackers were stopped
by barbed wire entanglements; they faced
a withering fire from the front and were
enfiladed on both flanks, but at the fourth
assault they won the fort, and there-
after the smashing of Port Arthur was
a comparatively easy task.

It was the extreme difficulty and dan-
ger experienced by the Japanese in cap-
turing 203 Metre Hill that convinced them
of the bravery of their opponents, and
the Japanese code, based on the tenets
of ancient chivalry, teach them to honor
the brave. Two years have been occu-
pied in building the monuments—one
monument to the unknown Russian dead
and thirteen memorials to individual Rus-
sian soldiers.

At the dedication the ancient foes met
on the field of bitter struggle. From Har-
bin came a company of Russian soldiers
with a Russian general, representing the
Czar. Regiments of Japanese were there,

and at their head Gen. Nogai, he who gave
two sons to the conflict, one of them
dying in an assault on this very place.

Together, the bitter enemies of four
years ago mourned their dead and salu-
tated the memorials of their bravery,
and these memorials, standing for ages,
shall be tributes, too, to the magnanimity
of the victors. Bravery is bravery, say
the Japanese, and their code of morals
and their traditions teach them to honor
it, even when that bravery has cost them
dear.

One of the Taft delegates from Georgia
bears the euphonious name of Ananias
Brown. Surely he should be permitted
to write the tariff revision plank in the
platform.

As to Second Place-Hughes.

The nearer we come to the time for
the Republican national convention the
more certain it seems that, as against
the candidates in the field, Secretary of
War W. H. Taft is sure of the nomina-
tion. The one real doubt, the off-chance
against him, is the overwhelming sentiment
for Roosevelt, but he has been so posi-
tive in his public utterances against a
renomination and so many delegates
have been instructed for Taft that unless
the unexpected happens Taft will be the
nominee.

In spite of the fact that for some
reason the office of Vice President has
come to be regarded less seriously than
it should, grave importance attaches—so
far as the Republican fortunes are con-
cerned—to the nomination this year.
There is a note about the enthusiasm for
Mr. Taft that is artificial. His boom has
lacked spontaneity. No one questions his
capacity, but there are elements of weak-
ness in his candidacy that cannot be over-
looked. It is of all the greater importance,
therefore, that the nomination for second
place should strengthen, not weaken, the
ticket.

We have had enough examples in the
history of this country of the accidents
of life and politics to assure us that it
is among the probabilities that the Vice
President may be called upon to assume
the reins of Executive power. At least,
judging by the past, the chances are
not so remote that we can afford to put
a man in the Vice Presidential office
whom we should not be willing to see in
the President's chair. Theodore Roose-
velt, John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, An-
drew Johnson, and Chester A. Arthur—
these are examples of what may happen
in American history. Not all of these
men were adequate to the opportunity
thrust upon them; some of them were
excellently fit.

In spite of the fact that Gov. Hughes
of New York, is not a candidate, and
has declared he would not accept, the
New York Times brings him forward
once more as the strongest candidate that
could be named for the Vice Presidency.
Many excellent names have been sug-
gested, but we think, with our contem-
porary, that no other name would lend
the strength to the Republican ticket
that would be furnished by Gov. Hughes.
It is undoubted that his acceptance of
the nomination would entail some sacrifice
upon him, but it is the prime duty of a
loyal American citizen to make sacrifices
for his country. His record is such that
his name would be a power on the ticket
and his nomination at Chicago would be
a fine endorsement of an American who
has stood boldly and bravely for the best,
and who from considerations of geo-
graphy, politics, and high ideals should
be hailed by the American people as a
worthy leader.

"What is there, really, that Congress
should officially thank the Speaker for?"
asks a contemporary. Well, it might
thank him for permitting the individual
members to draw their salary and mileage.

The Religious Faker.

The latest example of the rise of a re-
ligious faker occurs in Chicago, where
the ghost of the defunct Dowle has arisen
in the person of his brother. The late
John Alexander Dowle, who called him-
self Elijah II, died disgraced, but there
are still some people who believe in him,
and now his brother comes, calling him-
self Moses II. He says that he is a
brother of Elijah and that the spirit of
the dead prophet has descended upon him
and that all other claimants to the
divine-healing properties possessed by
Dowle are frauds and infringers on his
own divinity.

The new prophet says that he and his
dead brother were born in Scotland and
that both were born with the gift of
divine healing. The present prophet says
that he was so much superior to the first
Dowle that Elijah stole his name and
came to America, where, after making
a great success, he failed. His would-
be successor says:

"I am the greatest divine healer the world has
ever known. All my brother did in Chicago he
learned from me. I have a divine commission
to cure the teaching of the seven books of Moses
which are not in the Bible. I am the reincarna-
tion of Moses. Where I have healed the multitude
I am known as Moses II."

Clad in robes of silk, this new religious
faker proposes to resurrect Zion, cure peo-
ple of all diseases by laying on of hands,
and, of course, he will get money for it.
If it were not so pitiful that poor people
should be so easily gulled it would be
ridiculous to think that any sane people
could be taken in by such blasphemy and
impudent pretensions. Somehow there
seems to be an instinct in the human
soul which reaches out for the unknown;
which seizes on every hope of divine in-
terference in mundane affairs, and which
makes people easy prey for impostors.

In the countries of the East, where life
is one long burden of superstition and be-
lief in the efficacy of idols is not yet
dead, it is not astonishing that the peo-
ple hail each new prophet that arises
as a possible leader out of the wilder-
ness of oppression. It does not seem so
strange that the Mahdi of the Sudan
should so awe thousands of followers
that they eagerly defied the bayonets of
Great Britain, nor that the priests of
Hindustan are able to excite the people
to rebellion in the name of Buddha, but
that in a country dotted all over with
schools and where the daily press is a
constant educator, that these frauds
should yet be able to deceive and fleece
victims with a pretense of divinity is re-
markable.

Although our Constitution guarantees
the fullest religious liberty, it should be

safe enough to proceed against these re-
incarnated "fakers" for obtaining money
under false pretenses.

It seems that Mr. John Wesley Gaines
advocated the removal of the tariff on
wood pulp seven years ago in Congress.
Then, perhaps, the country thought it
was merely one of Mr. Gaines' little
jokes.

An Important Medical Discovery.

The reports received at the Bureau of
Medicine and Surgery of the Navy De-
partment from the naval medical officer,
Surg. B. L. Wright, in charge of the naval
hospital for service tuberculosis patients
at New Fort Lyon, Colo., confirm, in a
most promising and gratifying way, the
earlier statements made from that quar-
ter.

Surg. Wright has been conduct-
ing some experiments in the treatment
of tuberculosis by the administration
of mercury, and some thirty patients
have voluntarily subjected themselves to
the worthy cause. The first result, as
described in the official report from
Surg. Wright, showed a decided improve-
ment of the cases under treatment, and
the comments of the medical officer were
imparted to his professional associates in
a bulletin which is published periodically
by the Surgeon General of the navy.
With the assurance that Surg. Wright's
first impressions and expectations have
been fully sustained by the continuance
of his experimentation, there is no such
thing as overestimating the importance
of the discovery.

Of course, it must not be exaggerated as
to its infallibility, and due allowance must
be made for the salubrious climate at the
Colorado Naval Hospital, where the treat-
ment has been applied. It will doubtless
remain necessary for victims of the dread
disease to surround themselves with all
the known precautions, using the new
treatment in connection therewith. It
would not do to place too much faith even
in the conservative estimates of the naval
doctors who are in a position to know
what has been accomplished, but it will
be appreciated that the work which is
being done at the naval sanatorium in
Colorado is of the highest importance as
a contribution to the medical attack upon
consumption.

Judgment for \$35,000 damages has been
rendered against the London Times.
Things have been happening "in the
Thunder" ever since it made that one
short excursion into yellow journalism.

"Why doesn't Andrew Carnegie fit out
an expedition to go in search of the
fountain of youth?" asks the Deseret
News. Perhaps he hasn't thought of it.

The longest speech of the recent ses-
sion of Congress was delivered by Sen-
ator Warner, the loudest by Senator
Davis.

The mere fact that the right people
generally get killed in a Kentucky feud
is not a good and sufficient excuse for
them.

A cat worth \$40,000 in its own right has
been chloroformed. That is what comes
of not being able to hire a lawyer.

"The per capita circulation is \$35.35,"
says an official statement. And which 25
have you in your jeans?

"Men neglect the little things every
day that cause them worry at night,"
says the Atchison Globe. Still, you can
think of so many more things during the
day than you can at night.

A Chicago woman got drunk "as an
object lesson" to her husband; and the
mean thing found it so objectionable that
he is suing her for a divorce.

"Posterity will laugh at the 'Merry
Widow' hat," says a contemporary. Per-
haps it will—while exploiting something
quite as silly on its own part.

A New York man boasts that his six-
month-old baby has traveled over 11,000
miles. We imagine this is a guess, how-
ever, rather than a record taken from a
cyclometer attached to the carriage he
has evidently been pushing.

And now it is said the Kaiser will stop
the direct succession of the de Sagan
title in Prince Helle's father. It would
be pretty hard on Mme. Gould to find
that she had purchased only a near-
noblemen, after all.

Banker Charles Morse, it appears, has
not only paid off all claims against him,
but is a couple of million dollars to the
good. There are a whole lot of people
who will forget all about the shady side
of his career—as long as the \$2,000,000
holds out, at least.

"Files are the greatest transporters of
microbes known to science," says a
microbe. What shall we do about it?
Catch all the flies and give them for-
maldehyde baths?

A number of Portuguese involved in the
murder of King Carlos will not be pun-
ished "because of their high standing
and position." This should create a bon-
d of sympathy between young King Man-
uel and old King Peter of Serbia.

What we want to know is: If the
primeval oyster was a foot long, how
long was the primeval needle?

Determined to do something truly
strenuous himself, Secretary Root has de-
cided to make the Sultan of Turkey re-
imburse this country for the ransom of
Mrs. Ellen Stone.

In some respects it was too bad that
Mr. Albee Pomerene could not have been
nominated by the Democrats for govern-
or of Ohio. The campaign poets could
have made a good deal more of that
name than they appear able to get out of
Judge Harmon.

Mr. Bryan's prospective nomination by
the Democrats continues to be a foolish
piece of business in the eyes of a num-
ber of newspapers that never had any
other intention than to support the Re-
publican nominee.

In a Tennessee paper we note that
"Judge Spill Hill is a man of pronounced
views." How does he pronounce "Spill?"

Some one says Mr. Roosevelt has "a
brachycephalous head." Who said it? Mr.
Jacoby Rils or Mr. Bellamy Storer?

Nothing, Thank You.

Vice President Fairbanks' "Nothing,
thank you," has become so habitual with
him since the cocktail incident that he
now uses it even when asked what he
will take if not first place. He should
not, upon such occasions, overlook the
aptness of a widely esteemed American-
ism, a classic enmeshed in pleasant mem-
ories and well established, we fancy, in
the vernacular of Indiana: "The same,
thank you."

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

ALL THE OLD STORIES.

The anecdotes! The anecdotes! Oh, let us
con them well.

This is the time, above all times, when
anecdotes will sell.

The anecdotes! The anecdotes! They're
so plentiful, so easy to come by.

We can revamp and refurbish them, and
start them out again.

The anecdotes! The anecdotes! Get busy,
con them well.

We saved ten minutes' time going from
New York to Chicago.

"Bully."

"And then lost it, b'gosh, in a street-car
jam."

Young Love.

"Could you bring yourself to live in a
flat on 32nd street?"

"I could, Harold," answered the pam-
pered yet unspoiled dandy. "But I do
not know just how it would suit my
French maid."

Should Please the Chickens.

"Give me a short menu for a chicken
dinner."

"That's easily done. Puree of oats,
cracked corn, and pulverized oyster
shells."

Sorry He Spoke.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"Down to the ice cream store," she said.

"And that was the finish of his joke,
For he, alas, was very broke."

Conversation.

"I'm at a loss what to have my hero
say next."

"Historical novel?"

"Yes."

"Have him say 'Gadzooks.'"

Practical.

"I never ask a young man if he has
loved before," declared the Boston dam-
sel. "That's puerile."

"Should say," agreed the Chicago
woman. "In our town we ask a chap how
many times he has been married."

Sanguine, Indeed.

"He's very sanguine."

"Always hopes for the best, eh?"

"Why, he really seems to expect it."

LINES OF LAUGHTER.

From the Baltimore American.

Not Consistent.

"Funny, isn't it?"

"What's funny?"

"This war to the knife on sheath
gowns."

Unconscious Verity.

"Did the new foreman at the works
give the men any impetus at the work,
Pete?"

"Nah, not a bit, sah. Said we'd
have to wuk fo' de same old wages, sah."

A Business Practice.

"I don't see why you want to marry a
girl who is an embroidery expert."

"What has her business to do with it?"

"Why, she is such a designing young
person."

An Inspection of Discovery.

"Does your wife ever go through your
pockets?"

"Often; with what you might call a
searching glance."

Physical Impossibility.

"What makes you think that old Bound-
erby is not straight?"

"Now, how could such an old rouser
be square?"

At the Club.

A friend of the allies was daft.

And declared they would yet defeat Taft.

One man cried, "You goot."

He's got every vote."

But the rest of the fellows just laughed.

Only One Peerless.

From Harper's Weekly.

Our good friend T. W. La Fleiche, of
Belle Fourche, S. Dak., in writing to ex-
press his of his resolution to deny us in
the future the hospitalities of his mud
and roof, makes this interesting declara-
tion of his convictions:

"I am a Democrat and am a profound believer
in the political principles advocated and advanced
by those perished Americans, William J. Bryan and
Theodore Roosevelt, and believe them to be the
greatest Americans of the present day, with few
exceptions in past history."

Gently and respectfully, but with such
firmness as we can command, we deprecate
this duplication of peerlessness.
There is but one peerless American.
There cannot be another. The country
might stand another, but the language
couldn't. If there were two, there would
be none, because each would have a peer.
As it is, no shade of ambiguity dimin-
ishes this glowing title. It belongs with-
out competition or dispute to William
Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska. He is the
peerless American—the Peerless Leader,
and no other need apply. If any other
does apply, he will wish he hadn't, be-
cause the present incumbent proposes to
hold the job. As for President Roosevelt,
flesh and blood, he is not peerless, he never
was, and he never will be. We question
very much, whether he would be grate-
ful to our South Dakota friend for
yoking him up with Dr. Bryan as a co-
proprietor of "Taft coruscating word."

An Absurd Assumption.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

The tables of imports and exports for
the first nine months of the present fiscal
year show a balance in our favor of \$50-
000,000. The exact figures are: Imports,
\$300,846,682; exports, \$1,488,107,836. Com-
pared with the first nine months of 1907,
the balance is in our favor of \$136,000,000
and the exports an increase of \$48,000,000. These figures
furnish a clue to the causes which have
enabled us to draw gold from abroad with-
out much trouble, in a way also they
refute the absurd free-trade assumption
that it makes no difference to a nation
whether it buys more than it sells to
foreigners.

Two-Dollar Gowns.

From the New York Tribune.

Coeducation is losing ground in its old
strongholds. Some Chicago high schools
have been experimenting with the segrega-
tion of the sexes, and the result is the
usual, but often challenged one—a con-
siderable improvement in deportment and
standing all around. Some persons, how-
ever, are still clinging to the old view
that the girls who study unsexed by boyish
eyes are willing to wear \$2 graduation
gowns. If this is a result of segregation,
a little more of the latter outside of
school would be a good thing in these
patriotic times.

The Password.

Sentinel Time at the cross-roads stands,
Ankle deep in the grass,
And a precious duty is in his hands,
Through the golden time of the year at its prime,
Guarding the festal pass.

The morning bird sings a solitary tune,
Flashed the shaft of the Indian plume,
And the wild pale laurel is full in bloom,
While the troopers crowd in a mass.

They fill the valley and climb the hill,
Plains of columbine, daffodil—
While the tree-tops wave to the robbing runc,
Of their martial melodies, overhead in tune;
Sentinel Time, upon duty still.

Challenges all who would pass the hill,
But the crowd sweep through, for they're learned
full soon.

From a prattling sparrow, the pass-word's—June!
—Mary Brent Whitledge, in Uncle Remus—Janel.

AFRAID OF LIFE.

By THE OPTIMIST.

Sociologists and humanitarians are
seriously exercised over the vast and dan-
gerous increase recently in the number
of suicides. There have been so many
cases of felo de se already this year
that the record bids fair to be broken,
and although no one, possibly, can sug-
gest a feasible plan for stopping this self-
slaughter, something might be suggested
to check the tendency.

Some of the recent suicides have been
attributed to the business depression, and
this only serves to point out the amount
of misery and suffering that any, even a
slight, attack on our material welfare
can produce. But it would seem that the
cause lies far deeper than this, for a
terrible indication of the spread of the
suicidal tendency is to be found in the
increasing number of children who take
their own lives.

There was, for instance, a boy in New
Jersey who shot himself because he could
not make a shot in Chicago shot him-
self because he could not make a shot in
his sweetheart; a boy in Pennsylvania
hanged himself because his school-teacher
reprimanded him, and a child in Ohio
killed itself because a companion had set
the example.

The Chicago bureau of statistics has
kept an account of suicides, and it finds
that suicide of persons between the ages
of ten and nineteen has increased nearly
10 per cent between the years 1900 and
1907. This is horrible!

Youth should be the time of joy and
freedom from worry; life is all before a
lad at that age, and that one should not
let all before life has fairly begun seem
inexplicable. Massinger says:

"He
That kills himself to avoid misery, fears it;
And at the best shows but a hasty valour."